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No. 17

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EXOTIQUE - The Publication of Femmes, Fiction  
and Future Fashions - No. 17, Published by  
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## FICTION AND FUTURE FASHIONS

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### "NORMA LEARNS HOW" - Part II

by

A. Richards . . . .

\* \* \*

It had been a bright sunny Saturday, the first warm day of spring. The girls had been invited to a party that night and spent most of the day thinking about it. This was the first party that Norma had been asked to since she arrived in New York. Even back in Ohio she had gone only to parties her parents approved of, like church outings or family gatherings.

Lee brought out the boxes of clothing she had purchased for Norma weeks before. First of all Norma put on her new corset. Her flesh was still tingling from the cold needle showers the girls had taken. She knew that needle showers helped the skin retain its resiliency. It also imparts a rich glow and healthy cleanliness. With less effort than you might think, Lee had strapped Norma's large fleshy

body into the patent leather corset. It brought her waist down to a neat 14 inches. At first she thought she might go into a swoon, but in a minute she felt a new ecstasy, the wonderful constraint of the mid-section. Norma then began to lace Lee into her combination bra-corset of sleek satin. The stricture of this garment was amazing. Norma had to pause a few times to rest, and when her strength was renewed, she again pulled, and tugged, and grappled with the nylon laces which cut into her fingers. As soon as it was fully secured both girls took a few minutes rest. They laughed and admired each other, when Norma realized she had yet to put on her bra, and stood embarrassed for a moment thinking how much larger her breasts were than Lee's.

She found a new leather half-bra. She put it on and felt her bosom rise and drop with every thrilling breath. At the top, a creamy white expanse overflowed, yet it was by no means immodest but what may be seen wherever women of haute fashion gather. She looked into the mirror and quipped, "Oh, if I could only go out dressed in this undress uniform. I dreamed I went to a party in my Perfect Form Bra."

Both girls laughed at this take off on the famous advertisement. Norma took out of another box, a pair of the sheerest nylon hose. Dark grey in color, almost black but not quite. She pulled each one over her feet and up her long legs, watching these stretch hose filling out and almost bulging over her finely developed limbs. She fastened the top of the hose with black elastic garters which were on her corset.

Lee carried out a brown dress bag on a hanger. In her haste Norma hurriedly tore off the paper and found a stunning black satin sheath dress. She took it off the hanger and struggled into it. The rich sheen of the satin outlined her body with precision. It was cut very low, covering the top of her half-bra, but nothing more. Wide on the top to show off her magnificent shoulders and chest, it grew extremely tight about her 14 inch waist. At that point a built-in belt, very narrow with a large bizarre brass buckle, added a bit of chic. The dress was short, ending 4 inches above the knees, and almost holding the legs together tightly as if they were tied with a ribbon. The last article she put on was her shoes. And what shoes! Combination red and black suede,

very long and narrow, superbly poised on metallic heels, fully six inches high.

Carefully she applied liquid makeup and mascara and midnight-red lipstick. Her hair had been set in a daring upsweep and as far as she was concerned, she was ready to go to any party, even the inaugural ball.

Lee had donned a tight leather sheath dress, long leather gloves which extended up to her armpits, but she had to call Norma to lace up her boots. Black leather boots, hip-length, with steel eyelets up the front and long high-high heels. Norma laced them tightly for Lee. Then she remembered that she had forgotten to put on her own gloves. She went to the dresser and took out a long pair of satin gloves. They were bright red and extended an inch or so above the elbow.

"Norma, this party is for you so I won't try and steal the glory by wearing this new mystery mask." She placed on her head a black smooth leather mask that had two holes for breathing and another two holes to see through.

"Oh, it's beautiful," said Norma, "can I wear it sometimes?"

"No, you silly goose. You'll have to have one made up for yourself. In fact, you may even wear one tonight."

Lee refused to answer any of Norma's excited inquiries. She would not disclose the identity of the host of the party, not any of the details concerning the party.

Instead of taking a taxi, the girls decided to ride on the subway and get some idea of how attractively dressed they were. As soon as they entered the car, men got up to offer them seats, which is unusual in New York, and the men as well as the women could not stop looking at the beautiful clothing they were wearing. Perhaps the girls also fitted well in their exotic outfits. They got out of the car at Lexington and 52nd Street. Going up the escalator Norma caught her ankle between the moving steps and sprained it.

"Ouch, it hurts! I can't stand on it."

Lee lifted Norma, who was much bigger than he, in her arms and carried her as if she weighed little more than a feather.

"We'll take care of it later if it still hurts."

As they entered the small two story house on 52nd Street, Norma guessed that the party was being given by her employer, Mr. Warren. Lee admitted that, Mr. Warren was an old friend and he often gives parties at which the most exotically dressed women are present. Not ordinary parties, but unusual gatherings. Norma at first was puzzled, but then she understood the unusual taste that Mr. Warren had. The first room they entered was authentically decorated in African style. Lee told Norma that this was the Safari Room. Spears, shields, poison arrows, carved fertility figures, weird masks, and animal skins were hung on the walls and lay on the floors. The room even had the smell of the wild jungle. "Someday I will tell you the story behind these treasures," said Mr. Warren over a concealed speaker. . . But now I think you had better come up to the mystery room. . .

Mr. Warren, although very successful at his business and earning considerable money from it, had never lost his fine appreciation for works of art, curious objects, and that strangest subject of all--beautiful women. In pursuit of his hobbies he traveled all the continents and had amassed a superb collection. He had never found that one woman who he could make part of his permanent collection. Among the rooms of his home he had one he called the mystery room. Why it had earned this name was not known by Lee or Norma. In fact, Lee had never heard of it before. As they wended their way, slowly up the circular staircase (one does not walk quickly in 6 inch spike heels) all manner of thoughts entered their heads. Lee, of course, could handle any situation and was game for novel entertainment. Norma, however, being far less sophisticated, grew fearful; after all, this was very strange.

"Of course, it's strange," remarked Mr. Warren, "that's the beauty of it."

Norma now had graver doubts. . . She had not yet learned that experienced men could guess what a woman was thinking about.

Both girls felt hesitant over entering the room. Mr. Warren turned from them, entered the room and switched the lights on. They were concealed in panels on the ceiling.

"Well, Norma, you certainly look different from the way you look at the office. I have seen women dressed very beautifully, but I do believe that you together with your exotic fashions are the most perfect combination I have ever seen." He then turned to Lee and said, "Don't be jealous, Lee. You, too, are an example of perfection, and in addition, I appreciate the pains you have taken with your student." And so saying, the three of them entered the mystery room.

Deriving its name from the famous house of mystery in Pompeii, the decor seemed to be what the original house must have contained. Indeed, it even boasted that world famous painting of two women, one disciplining the other with a long graceful whip, the other passively submitting; an admission of some minor indiscretion. Norma looked at the large canvas, its colors fading, but with strong outlines and dynamic forms, and felt a strange, almost

animal-like sensation sweep through her. She had just learned how to experience a work of art.

"Mr. Warren, on the way over here I sprained my ankle and that picture reminds me that it still hurts."

"Well, Norma, first of all you should get used to calling me Fred. Secondly, a little pain is not always avoidable and sometimes it may be enjoyable. I think that in the next few minutes you will be glad you sprained your ankle. I will go get something to make it feel better, or rather make you feel better. Just sit down on the couch, girls, and I'll be right back."

Lee and Norma sat down on a replica of a Roman couch. It was low and swooping, not at all plush like a modern sofa. The walls were white-washed stone and the floor had many small carpets of exotic hues strewn upon it. Large clay vessels stood against the walls, and in the very center of the room a fountain with three carved women, all of whom were dressed in Roman Togas. These, however, were

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ultra bazarre, covering one shoulder and allowing a good deal of the chest, in fact one whole side, to caress the air and sunshine. It wrapped tightly about the extremely narrow waist and tucked in between the legs. The legs were genuinely Roman, except for the skyscraper heels that poised these women in a very glamorous way.

Mr. Warren had returned and instead of interrupting the girls appreciation of his fountain, he remained quiet until he was noticed.

"My sculptor, who will be here a little later Lee, takes certain liberties in representing classical subjects. But as long as they are beautiful who cares about historical accuracy. You know what happened in the original Pompeii? It was quiet that night; most of the people were sleeping. A few, of course, were making merry; some were at parties and feasts. Then, all of a sudden, Mount Vesuvius erupted. Hot lava rolled down the sides of the volcano and over the cities of Pompeii and Herculium. Both cities were completely covered. Two thousand years later they were dug up





and the archiologists found that these wonderful people had baths with running water, and many other things we think of as miracles of the twentieth century. Unfortunately, most of the people of these ill-fated cities died that night. When they dug up the cities they found men and women who were asleep and who have been preserved in the exact position they were in. Even their lips showed only peaceful countenance. A few who were awake have expressions of utmost horror and pain on their faces. . . . But, I hope tonight will be a much happier occasion. Norma! Look what I have brought for your sprained ankle!"

Mr. Warren held out a pair of black leather boots. They were made of the finest patent leather and were as reflective as a highly polished mirror.

"Oh, Fred! How wonderful of you."

Norma could not contain her joy. Hearing some new guests enter the house, Mr. Warren left to welcome them, but not before he sternly instructed Norma to take care of her ankle by putting on the boots, and lacing them

as tightly as possible to hold the sprain securely.

At first Norma held the boots in her hand marveling at the expert workmanship that had gone into them. It was obvious that this was a very expensive gift, and she thought it strange that she had accepted it so casually, but Lee told her that Mr. Warren (by now Norma was calling him Fred) often gives extravagant gifts to those people who please him. Norma removed her own shoes and carefully put them in her oversize handbag. She then slipped on both boots and had Lee lace them up for her. They reached half-way up to her knee, causing the calfs of her long solid legs to bulge at the top of the boots. As Lee laced the steel eye-lets with the long leather thongs, Norma could feel her legs tingle with excitement. The heels were fully six inches high and had a small band of silver at the very bottom. She strutted around in them to get the feel and found that they were even better than a plain pair of skyscraper heels because they were just as high and also gave her ankle support. Lee then attached a short silver chain to a ring on the side of each boot.

"That's so you won't take long strides. The chain (which was about 8 1/2 inches long) will see to it that you walk in a lady-like manner."

Mr. Warren returned. With him were the following: Mr. Strong, the sculptor who was responsible for the many fine decorations in the house and whose more conventional works were on permanent display at a number of museums, Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe (John and Peg), and Mr. and Mrs. Leroy (Nat and Joan). Both women were stunning.

Mr. Warren sat down between Lee and Norma, and Mr. Strong sat down on Lee's other side. The other couples sat down on another couch near the fountain. Lee watched these two couples for awhile, observing most of all, that Peg seemed to lead John as if he were a dog on a leash. Indeed, Peg was a dominant damsel. She thought that John must beg for every favour on his bended knees. Peg was very tall, fair, and agile. She wore a tight fitting blouse ending on her neck. Instead of a skirt she wore brown leather jodphers. Her sturdy

boots had heavy steel spurs, with long thin needle-like appendages. She carried a short riding crop which she occasionally and good naturedly swung at her husband. Her hair was short and neat, she wore no make-up except for some pale pink lipstick. It was more of an outfit to go horse back riding with than to go to a party. But who is to say what clothes are party clothes? Lee realized that a woman must dress to her character, her true self, and she could not deny that Peg was as attractive as any blond she had ever seen. She draped a white ermine fur piece over her black blouse. Here was something that didn't fit with a riding outfit, even such a chic outfit, but on second glance it was obvious that this woman must have furs, for furs were also a part of her. Luckily her husband was very rich and was happy to be able to please her with as many furs as she wanted.

Joan Leroy was very different. She looked like the obedient Oriental wife, who cheerfully and ecstatically meets every demand her husband makes. She wore a frilly lace blouse. Her small breasts hardly made a bulge in it. She wore a short wide skirt which

was so short it looked like a little girl skirt. Her silk stockings were rolled a few inches above the knees. She wore very high-heeled soft leather shoes. All in all she might have been no older than sixteen, but her heavy make-up, which was applied in such an artistic fashion it indicated that she was grown up. She listened to everything her husband said, and was ready to please him. Such obedience and thoughtfulness is certainly rare in a modern woman.

"Norma, I have another surprise for you before the party begins," said Mr. Warren. "First of all you must stand up."

Norma quickly complied with Mr. Warren's suggestion. Mr. Warren then placed a pair of ear plugs in Norma's ears. He took soft parafin and placed two layers of it over the plugs. Norma could no longer hear what was being said. He then took two wads of cotton, wet them in the fountain, and placed them over her eyes. He then took a silk stocking, flesh color, and very sheer, and pulled it tightly over her head. Mr. Strong, the artist, then painted a beautiful doll-like face upon the

stocking. While Norma could not hear or see she could breathe perfectly well and could talk. She began describing the colors that flashed before her eyes. She continued to talk all night, not knowing or caring if anyone was listening. More guests arrived, and there was dancing and drinking and a good deal of robust fun. All this time, however, Mr. Warren stood close by Norma.

All of the guests admired Norma and towards the end of the evening there was not a person who had not spent much time admiring this perfectly trained femme. Then they all voted her the belle of the ball. Her prize was an assortment of fine lacy underthings.

Norma, all this time continued to talk, she told of her childhood and some very funny incidents that happened in her home town. Mr. Warren could not leave her side. He was so enthralled by her beauty, her simplicity and her honesty. She did not tire of standing all night in high heeled boots, with her hands fixed into gloves sewed to her dress. She did not seem

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to mind not being able to see or hear.

Norma, at last being freed, found that almost everyone had left and also that it was now morning. She did not imagine that she was the star attraction of the party and that everyone had voted for her. When Lee told her about it, she realized her sacrifice was well worth its endurance.

At the office, the next Monday morning, Norma found a yellow slip of paper on her desk. It was two weeks notice! She had been fired. Crying she ran into Mr. Warren's office, and held out the slip.

"I won't have my wife working," he said. "You will marry me?"

Norma still cried, but for another reason, and it was with great effort that she was able to say a happy yes.

THE END. . .





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FICTION AND FUTURE FASHIONS

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'HIGH - HEEL FASHIONS'



"FAT, FORTY and FITTED" . . .

by

"BOTTIER"

Since all this talk about those fair charmers who come under this title, I have taken note of several ladies that have made me give the matter more consideration, and a certain amount of admiration.

A few days ago, while strolling down Fifth Avenue in New York, I suddenly became aware that there, right in front of me, was a perfect example of the very type that is to be the subject of this article.

A well-built girl, yes, plump if you like, with a silhouette that would have put a set of

French curves to shame. That her undulations were fascinating goes without saying; that she was a devotee of a somewhat old-fashioned style of corsetting, was equally patent, for from her ample bust she suddenly swept inwards at the waist in a manner alarming to behold, and equally fiercely her delicate curves again curved round out over hips and away into a very fully-flared coat coming to just below her knees.

Suddenly, my eyes sweeping like a search-light down those fascinating curves were drawn towards her feet, which were so stupidly small for her weight, that you wondered how she could balance herself at all - especially since her heels were at least six-inches high.

Her shoes were of fine black suede - pump style, and the toes, by luck more than judgement, just managed to touch the ground at all. From the back you had only a queer effect that she was somehow strutting along on a pair of high, thin pencils, clearly outlined against the highly-polished arches of her shoes. Added to this, she was wearing one of the most attractive pairs of hose that I have ever seen, sheerest, silkiest, blackest, and all ornamented in front of the

ankles.

Again, here I thought, is someone who is accentuating her weight, even to the gloves. Her stubby little hands had been squeezed into a pair of glistening black kid gloves that must have been at least two sizes too small, tightly buttoned with three small flat pearl buttons that struggled to burst open, giving an effect that her sharply-pointed little fingers each had its appointed angle at which it remained rigidly extended.

I would be doing the little lady an injustice, were I not to mention her massive gold earrings, that swayed from side to side as she walked along.





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FICTION AND FUTURE FASHIONS

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"FROM ME TO  
. . . . YOU"

by

Tana Louise . .

(Miss Exotique)



It isn't often that I can get excited over a gift, but one night recently I became not only excited, but overjoyed at a most unusual gift which I received in the mail from an unknown admirer.

It came in the early mail, but it was that



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evening before I had a chance to unwrap the package. I must have stared at the contents for at least twenty minutes before I could believe my eyes, but when I did, I couldn't wait another minute before trying my present on.

It so happened that I was wearing one of my "special At-Home" outfits consisting of a black satin corset, lace half-bra, nylon panties, sheer hose and a pair of patent-leather strap pumps with full 5-inch heels.

Off came the shoes and in their place I donned my present. The following pages will illustrate much better than words can just what was in the package. . . . a pair - or should I say - a double sandal with 5½-inch heels. I was truly fascinated by this novel footwear, but the trouble came when I tried to stand. Take my advice - don't ever try to do so. I finally did manage to get ti my feet. Walking was, of course, out of the question so I was practically at the mercy of . . . well, of whoever might have been there. This time - fortunately - it was a cameraman from "Exotique" and without further ado, he began to snap his shutter and record the occasion for our readers.





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Incidentally, I have a rather special announcement that I'd like to make regarding . . . ME. The editors of "Exotique" have put together a group of sixteen of my latest and most unusual photographs in a Photo-Album entitled "Presenting Tana Louise". Between the pages of this album you can find just about anything and everything that is near and dear to your heart . . . and mine. Corsets, Shoes, Boots, Gloves, Satin, Leather. . . just name it! We've got it! This is certainly a "must" for each and every lover of the "Bizarre" and the "Unusual". . . To get your copy send a dollar to the publishers of this magazine. You'll get your copy by return mail and I'm sure you will be more than pleased with what you'll see.

Next month I'll have a series of photos made at a friend's house. This particular friend is a collector of unusual footwear, and some of the styles are really thrilling. Don't miss it.

'Til then  
As ever

TANA LOUISE









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"ANNE and ANGELA" . . . . .

\* \* \*

"Once upon a time there was a wealthy young lady named Anne. Now it so happened that Anne decided one day that she needed a new personal maid and so she hired Angela.

"Your first job," she told Angela, "will be to dress me properly!"

Angela, of course, knew what was expected of her and she acted accordingly. She dressed her mistress in a black satin skirt; a white satin blouse, sheer nylon stockings AND a pair of black patent-leather pumps with 6-inch spike heels.

The Chinese always claimed that one picture was worth 1,000 words and so . . . here are the equivalent of 6,000 words. . . ."

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FICTION AND FUTURE FASHIONS

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I . . . Anne - The Mistress . . . . .



II . . . . ANGELA - The Maid . . . . .



III . . . . "Now do as I say! Understand?" . . .





IV . . . . "Make it tight! Tighter! I." . . .



V . . . . "The shoes are exquisite, madame!"

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VI. . . . "Make sure there are no wrinkles!"

*"Bizarrette"*



DESIGNED - ILLUSTRATED  G. G. G.




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## FICTION AND FUTURE FASHIONS

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### THE LETTER BOX . . . . .

where the readers gather  
to express their views -  
pro, con and absurdum . . .



NOTE - The editor regrets that  
it is impossible to place readers  
in communication, either by ex-  
change of address or otherwise.

Dear Editor:

I am a man of forty years - plus - . My  
hair, or what there is left of it is beginning to  
grey and my spirit, or what's left of that is

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also beginning to fade. Last year I decided that I had made enough money for one lifetime so I bought a country estate down South and settled down to enjoy my remaining years.

Although I had gone through my life as a bachelor, I had always yearned for a wife. It seemed, however, that I just wasn't able to find the type of woman I was looking for. Then, she appeared. I saw her performing at a carnival that was passing through town and I immediately knew that this was "the woman". She was performing as a trick rider and her amazing horsemanship was truly a sight to behold. It also made it easier for me to meet her. I managed an introduction and then invited her to my home to ride some of my thoroughbreds. She accepted and promised to be there the next afternoon.

I could hardly wait for the night to pass. Early the next afternoon the doorbell rang and my butler opened the door to admit the most stunning and intoxicating female I had ever laid eyes upon. . . . She wore a complete leather outfit: leather breeches, leather vest, leather gloves, a wide leather belt and an exciting pair



## FICTION AND FUTURE FASHIONS

of knee-boots with 5 or 6-inch heels. On her heels she wore a wicked looking pair of silver spurs and a white fox fur was tossed carelessly across her shoulders.

I just stared at the thrilling vision until at last the silence was broken by her deep voice: "Is something the matter?"

It was all I could do to mutter my apologies and to offer her a drink which she accepted. Before the day was done I had asked her to become my wife. She accepted and thus began a new phase of my life.

We have been married now for almost a year and in this time I have slowly but surely become an obsequious but loving husband. My wife is a stern and demanding partner, but in spite of all of these things I am deeply and hopelessly in love. Perhaps this is as it should be. . . . perhaps the man is not designed to be the master. In my home my wife is the master - she makes the decisions and she sees to it that they are carried out. . . . and do you know something? ? ? I love every minute of it!

R.W., St. Petersburg, Fla.



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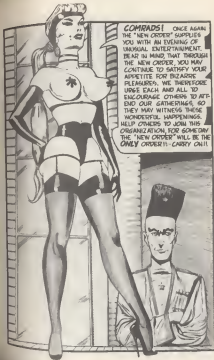
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# "Mistress"

by  
GAIL BROWN



ORDER, ORDER...  
OUR DIVINE HOSTESS,  
THE "GODDESS" OF  
BIZARRE MANOR,  
GRACES US WITH AN  
AUDIENCE -- HEAR, AS  
SHE SPEAKS.



COMRADS! ONCE AGAIN  
THE "NEW ORDER" SUPPLIES  
YOU WITH AN EVENING OF  
UNUSUAL ENTERTAINMENT.  
BEAR IN MIND, THAT THROUGH  
THE NEW ORDER, YOU MAY  
CONTINUE TO SATISFY YOUR  
APPETITE FOR BIZARRE  
PLEASURES. WE THEREFORE  
URGE EACH AND ALL TO  
ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO AT-  
TEND OUR GATHERINGS, SO  
THEY MAY WITNESS THESE  
WONDERFUL HAPPENINGS.  
HELP OTHERS TO JOIN THIS  
ORGANIZATION, FOR SOMEDAY  
THE "NEW ORDER" WILL BE THE  
ONLY ORDER!! -- CARRY ON!!



YOU KNOW, I'VE HEARD THAT A  
MARTINI BECOMES MORE POTENT  
WHEN SIPPED IN THE MOONLIGHT!

SOUNDS LIKE FUN CON-  
BOY, LET'S GO GET SOME  
SHACKED ON MOONLIGHT!



IF THE BARONESS CAN TEAR HER-  
SELF AWAY FROM THE BAR AND JOIN  
THE "GODDESS" AND I UPSTAIRS  
WE'D BE HONORED I ASSURE YOU!

WHY BARON SADISTON?  
HOW COULD I REFUSE?  
IT'S NOT EVERY DAY ONE  
CAN BE IN THE COMPANY  
OF A SNAKE IN A CORSAGE  
UNIFORM!!



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Published by  
BURMEL PUBLISHING CO.  
New York, N.Y.

No. 17

# Exotique



A NEW PUBLICATION OF THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL